

## THE PARDON OF PONTO



ES, FOR A LONG time I reposed the most blind confidence in him. We loved each other dearly. He was a setter, white, with brown ears and tail. His name was Ponto.

Ponto was enamored of a certain wooden ball about the size of a billiard ball. In a moment of weakness I had purchased this one day and brought it home. Ponto immediately seized it, rolled it toward me, and said: "Throw that over there in the rose-bushes. I will find it. You see if I don't." So said, so done. The ball was thrown and Ponto found it. But he became rather irksome with his desire to retrieve the ball, because his favorite remark to me became: "Play ball." He had a fashion of coming into my study with a brisk air, wagging his tail, with the ball held in his mouth. Then, placing his forepaws upon the table, he would put the precious ball in the middle of the papers, letters and books, and say: "There is my ball. Now toss it out of the window, and I will go and get it. That will be very much more amusing than wasting your time on all these stupid papers and books." I would frequently feign to hurl the ball from the window, and like a flash Ponto would disappear. A few minutes would pass before Ponto would reappear with his forepaws at the window and remark: "Say you, you man with the papers, I don't find anything here. The ball isn't in the garden. You must have kept it." Then he would come in at the door, go sniffing around under the furniture and in the partly opened desk drawers, and then, with the air of a man who smites his forehead and discovers something, he would look inquiringly at you and say: "I will wager that it is on the table. He was right. With his intelligent eye he had followed your glance. If you attempted then to conceal the ball there was an end to work. He burst into extravagant glee, jumped after the ball, followed your least movements, and would not quit you, laughing energetically with his tail.

Ponto made me sometimes think that he was one of those men turned into dogs of whom we read in the fairy stories. His eye was deep, tender and human, and at times it seemed to say: "What would you? I am only a four-footed beast, but have a human heart—



HE WOULD COME INTO MY STUDY, a better one than that of many men. I am a beast, and I have suffered much. I suffer still because I cannot express myself in speech and tell you, in those things that you call words, my fidelity and my devotion. Yes, I am yours, and I love you like a dog. Whatever belongs to you is secure. Just let anybody touch it, and you will see."

But Ponto and I fell out one day. It was a very unfortunate affair. Only those people who, like myself, believe blindly in dogs will understand me. That is what happened. The cook had killed two chickens, and had gone into the adjoining pantry to get a basket to put the fowls in as she plucked them. When she returned to the kitchen she uttered a shriek—one of the two chickens was gone. Yet she had been absent but a few minutes.

"Ah," said the cook reflectively, "evidently some beggar has passed by here and has taken one of the chickens through the window." She looked out of the door in order to find the supposititious beggar, but there was nobody there. Then for a moment she thought it must be the dog, but she was at once seized with remorse. "What! Suspect Ponto? Never. He would not steal. Why he would watch over a leg of mutton all day without touching it, even when he was perishing with hunger. Besides, he is there in the kitchen, sitting on his haunches, with his eyes partly closed and occasionally yawning. He is not thinking of chickens."

The cook was so profoundly puzzled that she summoned her master and I came. The melancholy affair was laid before me. I looked at Ponto. Ponto was sitting there, with a studied air of indifference, apparently fast asleep. I called him, "Ponto!" He looked toward me and lifted his heavy eyelids.

"Did you call me, master? I was dreaming. I was dreaming—I was dreaming of my ball."

Of his ball, eh? I became at once suspicious. This was evidently a pretext. But I said:

"I think, Katherine, that you are right. The dog could not have stolen the chicken. If he had stolen it he would be engaged now in plucking it somewhere in the garden."

"But look at him, sir—just look at him. He has not the air of a Christian dog."

"What?"

"I say that Ponto has not an honest air."

I turned and gazed at him. "Look at me, Ponto."

Ponto looked up, but his head dropped, and he grumbled: "Do you think that I would be hanging around here if I had stolen a chicken? Why, I'd be eating it."

But this remark did not divert my suspicions. On the contrary, it confirmed them. "Katherine," said I solemnly to the cook, "it is Ponto, Alas, it is Ponto."

What I had seen in Ponto's eyes was terrible. I swear to you, reader, that I am most serious. I had distinctly seen there an almost human life.

It is rather difficult to express my meaning. Ponto wished to assume an appearance of simplicity in his glance,

and he did not succeed, because that is impossible, even to a man. It is said by profound philosophers that in men the power of lying is confined to speech; but the power of throwing falsehood into glance is possessed only by women.

Ponto exhausted himself in vain efforts to lie with his eyes. But this unsuccessful falsehood was even more incriminating than an avowal.

I looked fixedly at Ponto. "Here, Ponto," said I, "take this," and I offered him the second chicken, which Katherine had just finished plucking.

Ponto looked at me reflectively. "Him," he said, "you evidently suspect me. Why do you give me a chicken today? You never gave me a whole chicken before." He took the chicken in his mouth and immediately deposited it on the floor at my feet, and, looking up in my eyes, he said: "You must think I am a fool."

Instinctively I said to myself: "Thief! Scoundrel! You have betrayed me. You are a perfidious dog. Your honest canine existence of loyalty has now come to an end, and you have been as false as if you were only a man." But patting him on the back, I added aloud: "Good Ponto, honest Ponto, nice Ponto."

The dissimulation was rather too deep for Ponto. Urged on by the savory smell of the chicken, he took it between his jaws and started to go. But before he reached the door he turned several times and looked at me carefully in order to see if he could fathom my thoughts. As soon as he had left the kitchen I closed the door and began spying upon him through the blinds of the window. He went a few paces as if intending to devour his prey, and then stopped, placed the chicken on the ground and thought deeply for a long time. Several times he looked at the kitchen door with his false and treacherous eyes. Then, giving up all attempts to seek an explanation satisfactory to his mind, he contented himself with the fact that he and the chicken, picked it up and departed. As he disappeared in the distance I could see that his sometime timid tail, which had hesitated throughout our entire conversation, had again become bold and firm. Ponto's tail said: "Bah! I have both chickens. Nobody saw me take the first. Hurrah!"

I stealthily followed him from afar, and I surprised him in the act of hastily scratching a hole in the ground with his powerful forepaws. The chicken that I had given him was lying on the ground and in the hole he was digging lay the other chicken. I was heartbroken. My friend Ponto retained the instincts of his remote ancestors, the foxes and the wolves, and buried his provisions. But, alas! having become a domesticated animal, and having become the companion of mankind, he had learned to lie.

Under the eyes of the treacherous and now shame-faced Ponto I made up a little package of the longer feathers of the two chickens, and I deposited this little feather duster on my working table. Whenever thereafter I was engaged at work and Ponto came bringing his ball and said, with a light and easy air, "Come, come! Lay aside that rubbish and let us play ball," I invariably lifted the little feather duster. Then Ponto would drop his treacherous head. His tail would sink between his legs and adhere to his quivering body, while the ball would fall from his nerveless jaws. As he looked at me he would say, "Is it possible that you are so ruthless, so unforgiving? Do you never pardon?"

Weeks passed, and I had not yet pardoned Ponto. But he was indefatigable in his attempts to win me over. So one morning when he came to me again, and when I seized the poor little feather duster and poor Ponto was about to withdraw, I said to him: "Look, Ponto," quoth I. "Look upon this for the last time. This perishes the only token of your fault," and I hurled the feather duster into the fire.

Ponto carefully watched the feather duster burn. Then, without any hysterical manifestations of joy, without leaps or skips, but nobly, simply, with dignity, he came and proffered his paw. The crime was forgotten. We were friends again.

### WOULDN'T WEAR IT.

Sad Mistake by a Short-Sighted Bishop in England.

From the St. James Budget: There is a hat story in which a well-known bishop and a lately deceased marquis played leading parts. The marquis, who married a Gaiety chorus girl, and generally speaking, lived up to the high standard of his marriage life, was accustomed to wear a particular style of hat, shorter than that favored by most men. One day he went into his hatter's in Piccadilly and asked for a new one to be made. The shopwalker took the hat, and walked down to the far end of the shop to give the requisite instructions, leaving the hatless marquis standing in the shop. At this moment there entered the shortsighted bishop of X, also in want of a new headgear. He saw only a small man, who might have passed for a shopkeeper, standing staring at him. So he took his peculiar hat off his head and went up to him. "Do you think, my good man," he said, persuasively, "that you have a hat like that?" The marquis looked at him for a moment, speechless with indignation, while the shopkeeper, seeing what was amiss, hurried up as fast as he could. Unfortunately, the marquis found his voice before the hat man reached his client. "No," he said, giving the bishop back his headgear; "I haven't got a hat like that, and if I had I'm d—d if I'd wear it."

Named by Bayard Taylor.

Mount Clair, in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, was named by Bayard Taylor during the course of a spring day ramble in 1847. Taylor's association with the place should be sufficient to incite a desire to spell the name as he spelled it. The railroad company spells it "Mount Claire," which, spelling originally must have been a blind guess by somebody who, perhaps, thought that it wasn't correct. It was near enough to pass.

Charles A. Dana's Brother.

Junius Dana, who is by two years the junior of Charles A. Dana, lives quietly at Warren, O., where he is a director in a national bank. His life has been a very active one and typically American. Junius Dana is a frequent visitor to New York and a special room in his brother's house is ever at his disposal.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

### UP-TO-DATE READING FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

Some Current Notes of the Modes—Timely Recipes for the Cook—Robed Like a Queen of Old—Deep Vandyke Points.



HE GIRL who can neither afford a sealskin coat nor a chinchilla cape because of their tremendous cost consoles herself very well indeed with one of the lovely velvet coats, of which there are such a variety. A very girlish jacket of black velvet is cut in the Norfolk style and falls below the waist to a depth of several inches. It fits the graceful form easily, without being at all snug, and has broad box plaits down both back and front. The front of the coat is cut away to display a smoothly fitted vest of heavy white satin, fastened under the left side with invisible hooks and eyes. A broad sailor collar of white satin, overlaid with costly point de Venise lace, finishes the shoulders prettily. A belt of stiffened velvet encircles the waist, drawing the slight fullness in gracefully to the form. The coat of a velvet is more than one would imagine at



A WINTER BELLE.

first thought until one goes on a hunting expedition through the shops in search of one and finds the prices ranging from \$50 to \$75 for the cheapest.

Some very fetching cloth coats are being put up for sale in a few of the most exclusive shops, mostly of light, pale tan, in heavy melton, with trimmings of Russian sable, silver fox or beaver. They are in the reefer form and are extremely short, with cute little ripples at the back, made so stiff that flattening is impossible. There is a broad collar of the same all down the front, giving it the effect of being fur lined. A coat of this sort cannot be had for less than \$40, but they are well worth the price, because they do look so very easy and so very becoming.—Chicago Chronicle.

### Deep Vandyke Points.

The great majority of dress skirts are perfectly plain, but occasionally the designers sent out a decorated skirt which calls forth honest admiration, and in spite of the beauty of the plain skirt is positive relief from so much simplicity.

A brand new design is shown, one of the latest productions, a combination of smoky-gray melton, a lovely silvery toned, smooth-finished cloth, and gray plaid in the genuine Tartan shade, scarlet, gold and green, in rich velvet.

The skirt, a full-gored affair, is cut all about the bottom in deep vandyke points, to show the underskirt of plaid velvet. The body of the bodice is of the gray cloth, also cut in deep points, meeting at the shoulder, over an underpiece of plaid velvet. The top of the huge melon sleeves are treated in the



same way. The entire gown is a striking model, and yet full of chic.

With it, for street wear, is seen a smart little coat of gray melton, with a saucy rolling collar, and huge puffed sleeves. A broadly rolling hat of gray felt with a narrow edge of chinchilla

as a finish has a flat decoration of ostrich plumes on top, with one tall upright one directly in the center.—Chicago Chronicle.

### Robed Like a Queen of Old.

The fashionable woman fairly revels in luxury this season, for all the modes are decidedly luxurious, and very poorly suited to slim purses. Velvets and furs, ails and velvets seem to be the beginning and end of fashion's dictums, and oh, such costly furs! Ermine never was cheap, possibly because it is the fur of royalty, and because of its own worth—but it was always beautiful, and is so now, a fact most women realize and utilize to the best of their ability, says a Chicago paper.

An altogether charming cape, with long stole ends, is among the fur wraps of one of Chicago's beauties, and a regal appearance she makes in its snowy beauty. The body of the cape is of rich olive green velvet, extremely full, and edged broadly with a rich embroidery placed flatly on it. Over this flutters a deep butterfly cape of ermine, with a jaunty point standing up about the face. One end of the cape is drawn over the bust, surprise fashion, or, rather, in the style of the favorite fichu, and from the waist fall two long tails. A dainty ermine muff completes the set. Richly brocaded satin, with a peachy pink groundwork, lines the garment throughout, while the same shade of pink is seen in the smart head-dress of roses, topped off by a single black plume. So many fetching affairs are



A WINTER BELLE.

made for theater wear, in which ermine is combined. One very pretty one, and one easily copied, has for a foundation an ermine collar with a small head and tail. Full jabots of webby lace were arranged softly at the front; in the folds were nestled snugly bunches



of pale pink roses with foliage. The muff was a bewitchment of lace, chiffon, ermine and posies, but all so artistically arranged as to call forth small shrieks and exclamations of highest approval from feminine friends. The groundwork of white silk has soft folds of white chiffon, seemingly thrown on, and held in place at the ends by bands of ermine and tufts of roses. A fringe of lace bordered each side, and a huge silver chain held the dainty thing about the shoulders.

### Timely Recipes.

Clara Cole—Clean brass frames with a slice of lemon; rub it over the spots, and when dry apply a little Spanish whitening to brighten the brass.

Elizabeth A.—Finger bowls are set on plates with small dollies under them; they may be white or colored glass, and the dollies any style desired.

Drop Cakes—Beat half a pound of butter and a pound of sugar together, sift in a quart of flour with two teaspoonsful of baking powder, add six beaten eggs and a cupful of milk, stir, and drop off the spoon on buttered paper, and bake in a very hot oven. The batter should be very thick.

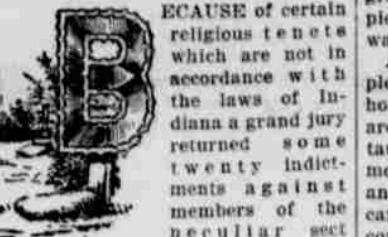
Cheese Fingers—Roll out a sheet of puff paste very thin, brush over very lightly with ice water, cut in strips about five inches long and half an inch wide, sprinkle with grated cheese, put one strip over the other, lay on a greased tin sheet, and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes.

The most inveterate borrowers are those who borrow trouble.

## LAW IS IN CONTEMPT.

### MENNONITES PREFER TO USE THE HOLY BIBLE.

They Would Not Render Unto Caesar the Things that Were His and Now Their Little Band Is Being Brought to the Bar of Justice.



BECAUSE of certain religious tenets which are not in accordance with the laws of Indiana a grand jury returned some twenty indictments against members of the peculiar sect known as the

Amish. There is a large settlement of these people in Adams county, thirty, honest and exclusive, but for the years during which they have been in the state they have violated the laws undisturbed.

These violations are due largely to the ignorance of the culprits, if they can be so classified, and not to any desire or intention to get into any conflict with the authorities. Among the laws broken is that regulating marriage. The Amish have not only failed to obey the law regarding license and registry, but have solemnized marriages between couples related to each other within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity.

In fact, all of the counts in the indictments are based on offenses repugnant to the spirit of the laws, but not properly designated as crimes in themselves. The marriages between relatives have been limited to cousins german.

These strange people have a history interesting from the origin to the present day. They came to this country to escape the persecution which they suffered. Now, it seems that they have not found the country where they can worship God as they wish, for in doing so they violate the laws which have been passed for the control of the family relations and the good of society. The sect recognizes no law but that of the Deity, and it is certain will make no defense to the charges, believing that their sufferings are ordered of God and must be borne with patience and resignation.

These people belong to the sect known as Mennonites, this particular division being known as the Defenseless Amish. They are one of the twelve branches of Mennonites. The Mennonites are a body of evangelical Christians who, in relation to the constitution of the church, the baptism, the taking of oaths, church discipline and bearing of arms, are either entirely or almost in harmony with Menno Simons, after whom they are named.

The sect arose, so far as can be ascertained, among the inhabitants of the mountains of Switzerland in the early

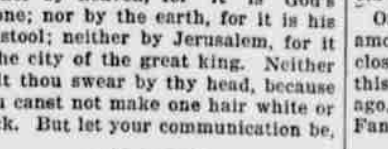


TYPICAL MENNONITE.

part of the sixteenth century. Their first leader was Conrad Grebel. They claimed that from the time that Christ was on earth there has been no true religion. The sect spread with great rapidity and in a short time was scattered over the different countries of Europe. As these different countries took up this mode of religion, which was then very simple, they each had some new idea, and hence there are several different classes of Mennonites. The different branches are as follows: Regular Mennonites, Amish, Old Amish, Apostolic Amish, Broderhoof, General Conference, Church of God in Christ, Old Mennonites, Bruder-Gemeinde, Mennonite Brethren in Christ, and Defenseless Amish.

They believe principally in the old testament, and they think that everything in it should be obeyed. They have a reason and a biblical phrase to quote for every act they do. Their answers are always yea and nay. They will not take an oath under any circumstances, because in St. Matthew, which they also believe in, from the thirty-fourth to the thirty-seventh verses, inclusive, is taught the following:

"But I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be,



A MENNONITE WOMAN.

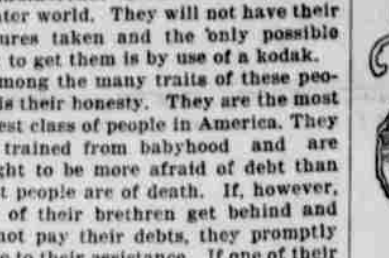
Yea, yea, and Nay, nay, for whatever is more than these cometh of evil."

The most peculiar part of their religion and customs is their appearance. They are generally well built, well proportioned and have rather nice looking faces. They never shave from youth up and their hair is kept about six inches long, and when cut is done so by actually placing a milk crock over the head and trimming around it. Another peculiarity is their dress. The boys wear jeans cloth from the time they can walk, with broad felt hats, quaker style,

## THE MAN WHO DARED.

### CONGRESSMAN W. E. BARRETT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Has Gained Fame by Introducing Impeachment Resolution Against Thomas F. Bayard, Ambassador to the Court of St. James.



WILLIAM E. BARRETT, the congressman who introduced the impeachment resolution against Thomas F. Bayard, is a thorough

equipped in education, experience and mental acquisitions. He was born in Melrose, Middlesex county, Mass., where he still resides, on Dec. 23, 1850, and obtained his elementary training in the local public schools, and completed a classical course at Dartmouth college, from which he graduated in 1870. Having determined to adopt journalism as a profession, he entered the service of the St. Albans Daily Messenger as assistant editor. His work there soon attracted attention, and in 1882 he was invited to join the staff of the Boston Daily Advertiser as Washington correspondent, in which capacity he continued to serve until 1885, when he was recalled to become editor-in-chief. Two years later he acquired controlling proprietary interest in the property, as well as of the Evening Record, and assumed the entire management of their affairs. In 1890 he was elected a member of the Mass-



MENNONITE CHURCH.

church on account of some new customs which part of the congregation wished to support and part did not. The leaders of one faction are Jacob Swartz and his son and Jacob Hawbaker, and of the other is Joseph Swartz. One of the customs which has occasioned a great deal of trouble among them is their burial service.

The old fashion always had an ordinary burial service, but the new faction claims that part of their custom is not right and insists that the dead should be buried a few hours after death and wheat planted over their bodies. David C. Neusbaum died a few weeks ago of consumption, and that same night was thrown into a rough box, scarcely three feet in length, and buried in his own cornfield. A woman of the same faction died shortly afterward and received the same treatment, not even her friends being in attendance.

This so angered some of their neighbors of other denominations that their actions were reported to the grand jury a few weeks ago. That body returned several indictments against them, and there is great interest manifested here as to what will be the effect on this people if a conviction occurs.

The Amish do not believe in paying fines or in dealing in court affairs in any manner. When the examination was going on before the grand jury concerning Neusbaum, Daniel Neusbaum, a brother of the dead man, and a man by the name of Jacob Halft met Joseph Hendricks, one of the grand jurors, and began explaining the burial part of their religion, whereupon Hendricks became angry and struck both of them.

Outside parties interfered and had Hendricks arrested. He pleaded guilty, paid his fine, and promptly had the two Amish men arrested for provoking. They were found guilty and fined, but immediately put out of the church. Neusbaum, however, who is worth at least \$10,000, refused to pay and is now in jail. He told the officers that they could take any of his stock to pay it, but he could not give them the money, for it was against the rule of God and of their church.

Another peculiar idea of this people is that the devil's spirit is concentrated in anything that revolves. They therefore will not have any of the improved farming machinery of to-day; no reapers, mowers or threshers. They use the old-fashioned cradles, scythes and rakes and will haul their grain fifty miles to a threshing run by horse power.

They marry very young. The weddings are announced in their church services about two weeks before the day set for marriage. There is never a license applied for from the county clerk, as they do not think they should have license from anyone other than God. Weddings always take place on Thursday morning and the services last from 9 o'clock to 12. During the services the visitors continually chant an old hymn.

Of late years it has become customary among them to marry cousins or other close relatives. The first wedding of this kind took place about three years ago, the contracting parties being Miss Fanny Elcher and Jacob Halftinshte.

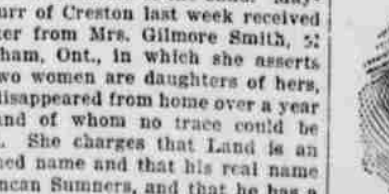
### ACCUSED OF ABDUCTION.

Musical Instructor Is Arrested on a Grave Charge.

Professor Harold Land, director of the Ladies' Military Band of Creston, Ia., has been arrested on a charge of abduction. He represented himself as a widower, and has had living with him two young women whom he introduced as his sisters, Mabel and Helena. They were both members of the band. Mayor Scurr of Creston last week received a letter from Mrs. Gilmore Smith, 52 Wingham, Ont., in which she asserts that the two women are daughters of hers, who disappeared from home over a year ago and of whom no trace could be found. She charges that Land is an assumed name and that his real name is Duncan Summers, and that he has a wife and children living in Canada. Mrs. Smith inclosed a letter she received from her younger daughter, Helena, which implores her mother to forgive her and to aid her, representing that she is badly treated by Land and her elder sister. The chief of police at once investigated the matter and the two young women confessed that the facts stated in the letter were true. Land was immediately taken into custody.

### SENATOR CAMERON.

1868, 1876 and 1880, and was chairman of the national Republican convention in 1880. In 1877 he was first elected to the United States senate to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of his father, General Simon Cameron, and was re-elected in 1879, 1885 and 1891. His term expires March 3, 1897. He is a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, well equipped in the matter of education, experience and patriotism for public life. He is a strong advocate of free silver coinage.



SENATOR CAMERON.

The devil is the father of every doubt. Ram's Horn.